But ſmothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the Sea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this ſore agonie ?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night :
The firſt that there did greete my ſtrangers ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periury
Can this darke Monarchie afford falſe *Clarence* ?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in blood, and he ſqueakt out aloud.
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,
That ſtabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and houled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyſe,
I trembling wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you I am affraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now be..es euidence againſt my ſoule,
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requites me :
I pray thee gentle Keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord,) God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noone-tide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods Name what are you, and how came yo
Exe. I would ſpeake with *Clarence*, and I cam
Bro. Yea, are you ſo briefe ?
2 *Exe.* O ſir, it is better to be briefe then tedi
Shew him your Commiſſion, talke no more. *H*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Here are the keyes there ſits the Duke aſleepe.
Ile to his Maieſty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
Exe. Dce ſo, it is a poynt of wiſedome.
2 What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes ?
1 No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgem
1 Why then he will ſay, we ſtabd him ſleepi
2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath b
cf remorſe in me.
1 What art afraid ?
2 Not to kill him, hauing a warrant for it, but t
for killing him, from which no warrant can def
1 Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him ſ
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy h
change, twas wont to hold me but while one co
1 How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now ?
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are
1 Remember our reward when the deed is d
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now ?
2 In the Duke of *Glocesters* purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let it goe, there's few or none will entertai
1 How if it come to thee againe ?

D